

HUNTINGTON AND LAMOREE.

THE TWO PRINCIPAL FIGURES IN THE THIRD TRIAL OF GREENFIELD.

A Trial seems to be More of a Battle Between Old Legal Antagonists—A Three-folded Prediction in the Results Why the Contention in Selecting Juries.

SARATOGA, Sept. 19.—The house in which Mrs. Nathan Orlando Greenfield was murdered on the night of Oct. 29, 1875, is again occupied. Two years after the murder a young couple moved into it. The man died, and about a year ago the woman married George Remor, who now makes the house his home. She is 25 years old, and Mr. Remor is 74. A seven-month-old child was adopted on its mother's knees this summer while it held out its hands and crawled to its grand and aged father. This little stepson, not born in the house, played about the arched room.

"Happy?" said the old man, while his eyes alighted on the babe in the house? "There isn't any ghost here." His cheeks and chin were fringed with long white hairs, and his shoulders had the stoop of a patriarch. He wore no coat, and his vest hung open, exposing a blue striped shirt. His trousers were made whole, with large patches strongly sewed in.

"I was the first to come here and live after the murder," said the comely wife; "but I've never been disturbed. George, show the man where the blood is."

The old man went through a very narrow door, close to the stove, that opened into a very small bedroom. There was barely room for a person to stand beside the bed to dress.

"Do you see them black spots?" asked the old man. "It's all blood. They tried to plane it off, but they couldn't." The black spots extended under the edge of the bed, near the foot, where they had come from the neck and forehead of the dying woman. It was difficult to distinguish the spots until Mr. Remor pointed them out carefully. Where the planks had taken fair hold of the plants there were no blood marks, but the planing had not been well done.

"I knew what you wanted as soon as I saw you stop," said Mr. Remor. "Everybody comes here to see the blood and the spot where they found her. They ask me if I'm not afraid, but tell them I never hear or see anything."

There is no doubt that the feeling in the neighborhood is strongly against the imprisoned husband. George Remor says that in the spring before Mrs. Greenfield was murdered, her mother, who was living with her, died. A few days before her death her son-in-law Orlando, the man now on trial for the third time, purchased some medicine at a drug store where Remor was. Remor heard the druggist tell Orlando explicitly that he must not give his mother-in-law too much of the medicine, for it would be very dangerous. As the two men walked together, each on his way home, Remor said to Orlando: "Now, Orlando, be sure you mind what the druggist says. If you should give her too much she will die."

"Well," said Greenfield, "I don't think it's any worse to kill a human being than it is to kill a spider." The story that Remor tells—not because he thinks that Greenfield killed his mother-in-law, but to show what kind of a man he thinks Greenfield is.

"A rough fellow," said another man, met in the neighborhood. A third said that Greenfield always used to be hard-working and boyish up to his Sunday school, but that he had become a scoundrel since he had never could understand. There is no doubt that Greenfield's counsel did well to fight for a change of the place of trial from Oswego County, and he was successful in his efforts.

As one rides along over the hilly road from Beckland, a junction of railroads from Syracuse, Rochester, Watertown, and Utica, several houses are to be seen with red marks at those corners: "A son of the man that lives there is in State prison," and "That man is now in jail for graft, larceny."

A brother of the man in jail for graft, however, says that the bad men in the neighborhood were made so by the Loemis gang, and others say that they never had any connection with that gang, and that the gang was disbanded.

It is a rough, poor, and dirty country, and it is dotted with small towns. Many of the fields from which hemlock stumps have rotted away seem to be fairly paved with flat stones. The grass seems to grow in a belt, or the crop is cut, and is almost gone, so that there is a heavy stone wall all around it. The flat stones are laid in the walls with as great exactness as though a mason's plumb had been in use.

Linen shingles are also used, and the buildings are mostly built in sixteenth century style.

On the opposite side, about fifteen rods further south, is a comfortable-looking cream-colored farm house, and in close proximity to it is a large, two-story, gabled-roof house, where Greenfield's father and mother live. It is from a window of this house that he says he looked out on the night the murder and saw his son in the garden. The house is large and entered the house, the doorway of the body was made at once, even with the faint light that entered through the window, because he was so anxious to get into the room, and the door was left open.

When Grinnells got up and dressed, he found Greenfield waiting for him with his father, and they rode to the hotel, where the road led them to the lake toward town, the road to the hotel being the same as the road to the house where Greenfield's father and mother live.

In the body, however, that Greenfield said, "Oh, my God! I'll bet she's dead." Charlie Grinnells, the man whom Greenfield says his wife told him, at 1 o'clock in the morning, to go to the house, and to go and live with me as a parameter, was at that time in Parish, a railroad station ten or twelve miles distant. His father, the same who went to the hotel, was at the house, and he had been sent to the hotel to take care of his son.

The little house, forty feet of land that Greenfield's father had bought from the former owner, Solomon Flaxer, soon after the murder, Greenfield had not paid enough on it to make it worth while for him to attempt to sell it. It is not his, however, and he has never had it in his possession.

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